

and at length going away, saying they could not manage them. Karim begged me to stop giving medicine, for he -was overpowered, and if he opposed them any more there -would be a fight. They had said that if he " spoke another word they would kill him." They were perfectly good-humoured all the time, but acted like complete savages, getting under the *fl*ys, tugging at the tent ropes, and trying to pull my blankets off the bed, etc. At last the hindmost gave a sudden push, sending the foremost tumbling into the tent and over me, upsetting a large open packet of sulphate of zinc, just arrived from Julfa, which was on my lap.

I left the tent to avoid further mischief, but was nearly suffocated by their crowding and tugging my dress, shouting " *Hakim 1 Hakim 1* " The Sahib, who came to the rescue, and urged them in Persian to depart, was quite powerless. In the midst of the confusion the Khan's wives and daughter came to visit me, but I could only show them the crowd and walk, followed by it, in the opposite direction from the tent, till I met the Agha, whose presence restored order. That night nearly all Hadji's *juls* or mule blankets and a donkey were stolen.

The Zalakis are a large and powerful tribe, predatory by habit and tradition. Aslam Khan himself directed certain thefts from which we suffered, and quoted a passage from the Koran not only to extenuate but to warrant depredations on the goods of " infidels."

Sunday was spent in the hubbub of a crowd. I was suffering somewhat from a fall, and yet more

from the
fatigues of Kalahoma, and longed for rest,
but the tem-
perature of the tent when closed was 106°,
and when
open the people crowded at the entrance,
ostensibly for
medicine, but many from a pardonable and
scarcely dis-
guised curiosity to see the "ITeringhi
Hakim" and hear
her speak.